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THE
INNIS HERALD

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PRÉCIS



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NOTES



The Photograph on the cover is one emphatically from the archives and comes courtesy of Felix Kalmenson, whose wonderful work we've been pleased to feature on these pages over the past two years. Thank you, Felix.

All photographs in this issue from the Phil Bergerson exhibition Sublime Encounters are © Phil Bergerson.

The Innis Herald is usually published during the third full week of each month during the Fall and Winter terms. Meeting dates and deadlines may be found on our website.

All submissions are welcome.





Robert Groh
Susur Lee's White Asparagus & Mushrooms
Oil on Canvas
60" x 72"

Part of *Consumed By Taste: Visions of Biochemical Discharge*, an exhibition of recent work by Robert Groh running until May 2nd at Gallery 533 (533 Richmond St. West, Suite 203)



Notes on Music, 2 of 2

THE second case study is what I will term the comprehensive release. This is a release that appeals due to its complete nature, including every recording by a particular artist or label. The appeal of this approach is twofold. First, the weary consumer who has been exploited by the recording industry due to remaster after greatest hits after re-release is ensured that this release is a closed-circuit, unlikely to be upgraded and therefore rendered obsolete. Secondly, the modern listener, anxious over the compulsion to always keep up with what is being released, is guaranteed that the comprehensiveness of this release allows the possibility of being mastered. This second aspect presupposes a quality of the historical relic – a capsule that is solidified in its quality where any contemporary hype has subsided or, more appealing, was not initially present due to whatever degree of obscurity or misunderstanding. Thus, the lustre, however it may be located, is less likely to wear off. Ultimately, it is a « safe » text to align oneself with in a physical, monetary way.

The forerunner in this approach is the Numero Group. Differing from other archival labels, such as Soul Jazz or Trojan, who typically release compilations closer to the « greatest hits » or generic survey model, Numero tries to dedicate each of their releases to every recording by a specific artist or label. Speaking of physical attractive-

ness, each release by this label receives a smart aesthetic package that is uniform across the label, resulting in an aesthetically appealing presence on a shelf. Furthermore, each release is (appropriately) numbered, for the collector compulsion (see also: the Criterion Collection) that is incredibly self-aware of the provenance of this practice; the label includes baseball cards in their releases featuring artists they have released.

For an example, the latest Numero release, *Local Customs: Downriver Revival* (#26), is a single CD compiling all the known releases from the Double U Sound custom studio. Presented with a considerable amount of photos and sophisticated liner notes, the CD epitomizes the Numero treatment. One interesting thing about Numero's approach is that quality is not completely guaranteed. In any situation where « all » of something is presented, the probability of a sustained interest or appeal diminishes – though I do not intend to imply that it is impossible or even that it is not present in many Numero releases. This serves to make palatable the aforementioned situation of the past where a trusted artist releases a work that is not consistently strong, but the relationship with the listener facilitates a degree of effort in exploring the work and its possibilities for enjoyment. This is central to the polemical notion of Christian music, which is the theme of the works from the Double U Sound studio.

When located in the past, the categorization of Christian music is rarely employed, simply because it would encompass too many disparate sounds that all traded in this type of imagery, personal affiliation and even intended audience. This release is no different in the stylistic sense, spanning different styles that may share a thematic property in their lyrics (or source material, in the case of instrumentals), but are richly divergent beyond that aspect. It is amusing how, especially from an atheist or agnostic perspective, Christian music from the past is enjoyed more in a « medium is the message » manner, whereby this maxim is not often employed for artists such as DC Talk, where the proximity to its practical, evangelical usage locates it firmly insofar as its religion is concerned. (Obviously there is a degree of difference in the quality of the music in this comparison, but I digress.) The point here is that because of the grouping of a studio, a religion, a theme, a label, etc. there is no guarantee of a particular level of quality across all the cuts – a process of determination that in itself varies based on the specific interests of the individual listener.

What makes this particular release special is that it takes this expansion and the paradoxical tension with the comprehensive release methodology to its logical extreme. Including a DVD, which also speaks to the trend of multi-media releases that most major labels employ,



the oppositional qualities of the music. Furthermore, the ontological decomposition that occurs with tapes bears on the music itself, resulting in a unique experience that shifts over time and cannot be replicated in a digital file. Think Roland Barthes' « *death of the author* » via a twist on *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*.

These labels often eschew traditional modes of distribution, including websites where a simple web-based store exists for ease of ordering. Instead, the modern day equivalents of the mail-order catalogues that the labels subsisted on during their existence prior to the popularization of the internet are employed. These include personal distributors (distros) on the internet and boutique shops throughout the world, at once attempting to maintain the personal relationship between the artist, the product and the listener through like-minded middlemen and women. Furthermore, there is a degree of legitimization that occurs in this process that supports other artists whose work is sold through those avenues, creating a community within which an actual purchase does carry cultural capital.

Finally, these tapes – and it's worth noting that these labels will often also include similar media such as CD-Rs and lathe cut, 7" and LP records, though many pride themselves on simply providing tapes – are often limited by necessity. The size of the labels, the cost and effort of tape duplication, the size of the audience and the desirability of the rare all contribute to limited runs of products are created, with the amount and sometimes the individual number recorded on the release itself.

An example of each of these facets is Monorail, a label whose site has no more information that absolutely necessary and only related to the artists and releases. The pomp and circumstance associated with popular music, especially rock, is completely absent – even eliding some main-

stays of distro culture, including obtuse and bizarre descriptions of albums that sidestep tacky self-championing by simply being nearly unintelligible. They work almost exclusively with tapes, while also including samples on the website in an understanding that a lack of almost any information does require some degree of description, effectively turning the digital medium on its head quite daringly in a gamble for the desired purchase.

Monorail is interesting for two specific reasons apart from evincing so many of the aforementioned observations quite neatly: there is a standardized packaging scheme and the movement towards what is being termed the « *new age* » style of noise. Typically these types of labels aesthetically engage in D.I.Y. packaging to emphasize the difference between the mass manufacture of popular music. Monorail engages in this insofar as using the tape medium and including the number of copies of each release in order to convey the limited availability. However, it is not so common to have a uniform aesthetic across the label, despite the artist. This is a recent move by the label that attests to the similarities between the ethos of this methodology and the one I will explore in the sister article: namely, the release as a product that will sit on a shelf and speak to the other releases with that brand. There is a type of quality implicitly conveyed that is practically valuable to the label – functioning, in a way, like a subscription would for a magazine; the guarantee of a standardized level of commitment, sophistication and understanding of the consumer that can be trusted. This also conveys the importance of community, both in the relationship to the listener and that drawn between the artists on the label through the shared aesthetic, the selection of which acting as a locus of the shared interest of the label and the artist.

The « *new age* » genre is self-consciously problematic, connoting a supremely

uncool brand of music that was more associated for its relationship to alternative ways of living rather than being pursued simply for its artistic merit. In a sense this is a not uncommon remobilization of the uncool that is so prevalent in the post-ironic-but-dubious-sincerity mindset that is observable today. More perversely, the relationship to tapes is interesting for this alternative (to noise, that is) historical moment, where the obsolete quality of both intermingle in this new, deliberately provocative mode. The music itself is not dissimilar to what was once termed « *new age* », though its provenance is slightly more respectable in the arena of experimental music due to the lineage of Pandit Pran Nath, Tony Conrad, Terry Riley, etc. that had already created a listenership for noise music apart from the intervening strand growing from hardcore. Furthermore, like noise music, « *new age* » anticipates the deterioration of the form and the ever-shifting experience with the work that results from this decay. Ultimately, it is a form that deliberately explores the active relationship with its listener, which is reflected in the medium.

However, it is not a structurally neat methodology to observe for two significant reasons: its relationship with a young audience necessarily foregoes simple notions of nostalgia or interest in a historical lineage, while the limited aspect of the releases consequently supports their download when the product is, quite quickly, no longer available. The appeal of the form is thereby more novel, though no less emblematic of its driving ethos, than a remembrance of purchasing past, while fostering an expectation of downloading is certainly probable when qualities are limited – it only takes one impulsive purchase made simply because the opportunity arises before trepidation returns and quantities are gone by the time enough corroborative reviews surface. ■

CHRIS HERON





Phil Bergerson
Untitled
Paducah, Kentucky, 2004

Featured in *Sublime Encounters*, an exhibition of works by Phil Bergerson running until April 18th at Stephen Bulger Gallery (1026 Queen St. West)



The Rt. Hon. Doctor Fekmerklosher

DEAR INNIS HERALD,

Please find enclosed a short letter my good friend Djordje Mantzios sent me on the morning of March 13th, 2009. In it, he describes the controversial Dr. Fekmerklosher and his salutary medical practices and philosophies. I believe your readers will find it informative, should their tastes incline that way.

*« Take it. Take it. Take it.
Open your mouth. Open your mouth.
You can smell my fart.
Piss on ya, that's what I'm doin'.
Pissin' all over you.
Mm-hmm. You love me ? »*

- C**** B****

Browski! How's that for a quote?

I'm calling a spade on this one though:

« Never let it be said concerning Dr. Fekmerklosher's dangerous habit of encouraging impromptu circumcisions at the least mention of the public well-being that his methods were, though often imputed to a barbarous fascination with handling genital misfortune, either untested or untrue; for only the worst sort of melancholic, with a singularly farouche sort of temperament, never partaking in the sensual delights of a rousing testicular examination, can over with the arrogance of a Bolivian dart frog that such exercises in human compassion are unfit for public consumption. How many a life has been spared the horrors of confinement

due to his keen, discerning eye? How many the abomination of a hooded linesman?

In fact, the only such occasion I can recall in which our hairs stood on end was when young phimotic Gyk Zatyiny, the human foreskin, had to have his webbed fingers disengaged from the good doctor's scalpel. The fountain of blood, true, was enough to paralyze the blackest of hearts, but Fekmerklosher was an able-handed practitioner in the art of bodies and minds, the science of flaps and elasticity, more than adequately qualified to handle the challenges of a stubbornly resistant prepucis, or as one accompanying surgeon weirdly put it, the 'cosmic dewlap from Hell.' »

AYYE. Is that some fucked up shit or what? Plus, what's a cosmic dewlap and where can I get one? Amigo, check this out:

Harold Mamouliau

« I found him eminently qualified in his work. I think God was sleeping on the job, or maybe just bored at that point. You know that uncircumcised penises are the number one cause of Münchausen syndrome? a man by the name of Delmer Bleaker tells me as I leave Fekmerklosher's office, which is located in a run down shotgun house, conveniently located next to a barbershop, an oft used recourse for the all-to-rare less-than-stellar operations under Fekmerklosher's knife at the first signs of trouble. The head barber at King Salamando's Hair Emporium, Lonnie Komorowski, yammers on that 'I used to get these damn blear-eyed kids come in, you know, frantically begging me to « Take a lit-

tle off the top, doc! » and yeah, « Sure », I'd say, « No problem. Hop in ». And it's the strangest thing. When I'd finish, they'd be slumped over my chair, passed out more than a Brazilian circle jerk. It wasn't until a few shaved guys come in I notice that they ain't wanting their hair cut. No sir. They just want me to finish what Fekmerklosher's started.' »

Addy Streeter

Ol' Streeter told me shortly before he died something along the lines of

*« Fekmerklosher is a demure and odd sort of man, who nervously fiddles with his clothes the way I imagine a gymnastopist would if forced to renounce his principles. I pick up on his tendency to roll the mucopurulent matter from his eyes into little balls when he does not know how to respond to me. He does not however, brook my implications that his no-refund policy may have more to do with his success rates than his belief that he leaves every customer satisfied. He implies that such talk is 'the result of having a supererogatory penis' and puts his hand on my erotch. It takes me about ten seconds to realize that I don't like where this is going before I clock him across the face with his own golden Gomo clamp award. He yells out as I dash out his office, 'Who do you think you're dealing with? Who do you think you're fucking with? I fucking hacked C**** B**** to bits man! And he turned out fine! Swimmin' across Turtle Creek no problem!' »*

Sheeit Marc, can you say Blue Meanie?



excitement. Her tongue was sweet with sugar and it would soon be so with gossip, too! Curiosity became her. *What if I ate just one more sugarplum?* She had waited this long, what could one more sugarplum do? More gossip, more sweetness? *How could that be wrong?* She mischievously placed one more sweet morsel of goodness on her insatiable little tongue. She contemplated with an eerie inherent premonition of her own...

« Well I tell you Gottfried, this much you can be sure – it's like I've always said – there's no way, just no way at all, we're all going to get along. She's impulsive, domineering, has no respect for anyone or anything. She's got to pay her dues, like the rest of us. Why just the other day, do you know what I heard? I heard her tell Billy that there are only two things she hates more in this world than writers and directors: writers who lacked direction and directors who couldn't read the writing on the wall. Can you believe the nerve? »

« C'mon Jack, take it easy. You don't want your blood getting all agitated ».

« Ah-ha! I'm just getting started if you think I'm going to back down. Don't get me started on that MacMurray and that ego of his. It's going to blow any minute now! Call the marines! Call the AEC! The fall-out is going to be astronomical and if you think I'll be hanging around to clean up that mess, you've got another thing coming! »

« Say uh, isn't it time for your nap Jack? You don't have to be on the set for another hour or so. I can get you a gin and tonic. That always helps you sleep ».

« I will not be patronized Gottfried, I swear you. You sound like Cynthia, you realize that? I'm going to go out there and nail my colours to the mast and maybe, just maybe – there just might be a golden handshake waiting for me. God, the wonders this poorly ventilated set is doing for my angina. There's too much starch in this shirt, my socks – well they couldn't very well be your socks now could they? (Say, G.V.G. Whaddya know?) – keep slipping. And this accursed underwear in a state of perpetual melvining. What's next? My ears will wobble to and fro, my arms and legs will cramp up before falling off, then the eyes – oh the eyes! – how they will pop out of their sockets! Hey! I'll finally get to see the lighter side of things! »

« Jack... »

« And this godforsaken belly button lint! Ya know, it's really wedged in there tight... »

« No Jack! For chrissakes don't »

The second sugarplum had further opened the doors of perception for Anna, focusing her sensitivity to the third and fourth dimensions to an alarmingly heightened degree. She no longer required Von Goering to purse his lips close to the lint monolith she called home in order to be heard; for the first time, she delighted in the lilting way Jack-Lemmon spoke, as if he was strapped onto a vibrating pin-ball machine. Alas, this period of Dionysian beatitude, like the actions of the persistent fuss-budget who is not chary of provoking the ire of his peers, would not be countenanced by some higher power to continue any longer, and in the least, without some life-altering consequence.

« Hey Gottfried. You've really got to smell this! »

New Hindelsberg had not exactly been decimated, yet it had not benefited from the indicacies of Jack-Lemmon's touch either. Esme and Eleanor emerged from their rooms profoundly altered: squat, malformed, and contorted, not unlike the projected effects of an entire *Innis Herald* article being trapped inside a man's navel, excavated with mind-numbing thoughtlessness, and thereby irretrievably warping the physical dimensions of its inhabitants.

« It's like ol' Nietzsche said: 'My genius resides in my nostrils!' »

Realizing the potential enshrined in the jewelled candies, Anna covetously continued to consume. Her fingers wiggled at the top of the jar struggling to obtain more sugarplums. Two, three, fifteen sugarplums later, she finally subsided. She believed that the heightened sensitivity she had experienced

would continue to such an extent that the barrier between her world and the Over-world would be penetrable. That such barrier, of course, was none other than Jack Lemmon's navel. Speaking of navels, Anna, googly-eyed and pale with hardened sugar streams from the corners of her bright red lips, stared down at her skirt tightening, her shirt raising, and her belly emerging.

« Ughhh, Gottfried, I... don't feel so hot ».

« Well, that's often the case after smelling one's own navel lint and whatever other creatures reside in such a small, compact and clammy area. It's a bloody ecosystem of its own ».

« What was that? »

« Aspirin! I said Aspirin. Try some Aspirin ».

Jack began to rub his belly and hunch over. *« I don't think it's my head ».*

« Well what in the bloody be-! » Smack! Jack's body hit the ground, dead centre on the set, which included a ragged sofa, mismatched furniture, and a glossy black rotary phone.

« Well don't just stand there for god's sake! Get the man some Aspirin! »

Back in New Hindelsberg, Anna's belly had reached an unprecedented size. Esme and Eleanor were squished, in their already squashed states, against the walls of the house as Anna's belly continued to grow. Glass vases and lamps began to shatter, chairs and tables were breaking, and poor Anna Kohlenberger was scared, confused and knew only to scream: *« Wahhhhhheeee! »*

Well, Anna got her wish. A barrier was most certainly broken. The physical effect of Jack Lemmon's touch on New Hindelsberg was reciprocal. New Hindelsberg could touch back and Jack felt it. Anna's belly grew to such an unmanageable and, mind you unmentionable size, that New Hindelsberg and all its treasures and treasured, burst through the skin of Jack Lemmon's navel in a projectile fashion and splattered, along with his lunch, on a ragged sofa, mismatched furniture, and a glossy black rotary phone. Now, first things first: whatever would the Stoa Museum's Research Colloquium have to say? ☹



The only known photograph of Gottfried Von Goering, left.

His dancing partner has not been identified.

SHERITA BASSUDAY
&
JEAN MARC AH-SEN

Visual Affect in Chris Ware's *Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth*: Part VII

THE last dream sequence that I want to focus on is the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition paternal rejection scene (see Fig. 16, 17). The visual affectiveness of this scene is derived from the juxtaposition between « *the largest building in the world* » and Jimmy's great grandfather throwing James Corrigan off of it. However, the visual affect of this scene is not solely derived from just this shocking action; rather, it is the violent action combined with the sublime nature of Ware's settings that constitutes its emotional weight. I will discuss the sublime nature of the Exposition in greater detail later; however, suffice to say this scene presents a vast, enormous building that is awe-inspiring due to the excruciating detail relative to the miniaturized, indiscriminate people in the panel. In order to comprehend the aforementioned combinatory nature of this scene's visual affect, I would like to postulate an interesting, paradoxical phenomenon that helps to elucidate this scene's visual potency. More specifically, then, the world's largest building, a wonderfully decorated behemoth, is integral to the visual affect of this scene due to the fact that its pervasiveness both downplays and emphasizes the paternal rejection: the size of the building, relative to James Corrigan, dwarfs and downplays any significant events that occur in this scene; however, the breath-taking qualities of the building's grandiose façade are intercon-

nected with the paternal rejection, which subsequently emphasizes and elevates the murderous act. After having analyzed the four previous dream sequences in accordance with the notion of visual affect, I would now like to return to and expand upon the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition scenery in *JC*.

As I previously noted, the sublime nature of the Exposition scenery is linked to the size of the buildings and their aesthetic; however, I would also like to suggest that the process of (visually) identifying oneself with the characters, enacted by the interactive participants, is complicated by the similar modality of the scenery, which produces two different reactions that both amount to an acknowledgement of the sublime in *JC*.

In relation to backgrounds and the aforementioned identification process, then, McCloud notes that, « *no one expects audiences to identify with brick walls or landscapes and indeed, backgrounds tend to be slightly more realistic* » (42) and the combination of « *iconic characters with unusually realistic backgrounds [...] allows readers to mask themselves in a character and safely enter a sensually stimulating world* » (42-3). In relation to *JC*, there is not as much of a modality-leap between the characters and the scenery—e.g. Ware's *JC* does not have highly cross-hatched backgrounds that are juxtaposed with cartoon aardvarks (i.e. *Cerebus*). The result of the similarities

between characters and scenery in *JC* entails that there is either no identification with the characters due to Ware's undifferentiated, consistent style, or there is an identification with both the characters and the scenery due to their inherent commonalities. Both of these options are associated with the sublime and visual affect insofar as the former distances the interactive participants from the immensity of the scenery, allowing them to revere the grandeur of Ware's work (see Fig. 18-21), and the latter envelops the interactive participants, allowing them to experience the sensuality and magnificence of the Exposition. In response to McCloud's dismissal of the ability to connect to the background, then, I am suggesting that there is an opportunity to be visually affected by the scenery in *JC* whether or not the interactive participants participate in the identification process. I would now like to move to an analysis of the visual affectiveness of the genealogical-diagrammatic layouts in *JC*.

The genealogical-diagrammatic layout scenes in *JC* (see Fig. 22-24) are exemplary of Shklovsky's expectations of art insofar as Ware's formalistic decisions « *increase the difficulty and length of perception* » of these labyrinth-esque scenes. The slowed down perception of these layouts speak to their visual affectiveness because the interactive participants are required to be visually attentive in order to fully comprehend

¹ Braiding involves the networking or bridging of certain aspects or fragments of some panels to other aspects or fragments of other panels (Groensteen 146).





Phil Bergerson
Untitled
Pocatello, Idaho, 2007

Featured in *Sublime Encounters*, an exhibition of works by Phil Bergerson running until April 18* at Stephen Bulger Gallery (1026 Queen St. West)

affective for two reasons. Firstly, the transition of Super-Man from action-figure-size to Paul Bunion-size can be characterized as sublime because this drastic change exemplifies « a sense of overwhelming grandeur or irresistible power » (OED), which is further aided by the fact that the size-shifting character is a *superhero*. Not only is the sublime nature of the Bunioned Super-Man visually affective, but the instantaneous, unexpected shift in demeanour—from a friendly, benevolent, affable Super-Man to a mean-spirited, maniacal, murderous Super-Man—is equally shocking, especially due to his *adding-insult-to-injury-wave* that happens after he drops the house and shrinks back to normal. Secondly, the absurdist, Beckett-esque string of panels (see specifically Fig. 14, 15) are visually affective due to the notions of modality and defamiliarization working in tandem. More specifically, there are a number of panels that are decontextualized in this scene that exhibit a

lower modality due to the absence of setting (Kress and van Leeuwen 161). Furthermore, these panels exemplify the notion of « 'elipsis' » because they are peppered with certain « props » (161): dismembered body parts of Jimmy's son, a block of wood, and a brick. These props, then, are defamiliarized by means of their lower modality—i.e. the body parts are made unfamiliar due to the « amplification through simplification » (McCloud 30) of Ware's style. Moreover, the epitome of this defamiliarization-modality connection occurs when the interactive participants witness Jimmy's son's severed head speaking. This moment is then followed by the act of infanticide itself, which is also visually astonishing because of the oscillation between a lower and higher modality background, evident in the transition from the blue-gray background to the more realistic stage-setting (see Fig. 15); this oscillation highlights and concretizes the murderous act. Not only do these micro moments vi-

sually affect the interactive participants, but the macro features add a twisted, perturbing layer to this scene because of Ware's nod to the very existence of interactive participants vis à vis the usage of a meta-entertainment environment (i.e. the opera/play setting) to display an act of infanticide; this gimmick also resonates with « Ware's rejection of mass-cultural entertainment » (Wolk 358) and helps explain the exaggerated, goofy-looking Jimmy running to the shouts of a decapitated head. ☞

MICHAEL
SLOANE



Phil Bergerson
 Untitled
 Martinsville, Indiana, 2006

Featured in *Sublime Encounters*, an exhibition of works by Phil Bergerson running until April 18th at Stephen Bulger Gallery (1026 Queen St. West)

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